

The last Will,
AND
TESTAMENT
OF
Squire DUN,

Late Executioner for the City of

L O N D O N;

Who was Buried on Saturday Night last,
With his several Legacies, bequeathed to his
Friends upon his Death-bed.

As also an *Elegie*, Touching his Life, Death,
and Buriall.

Published According to Order.

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The last Will

TESTAMENT

Squire DILL

I do hereby certify that the

of the County of ... State of ...

was found on ...

at ...

and ...

Witness my hand and seal

at ... this ... day of ... 18...

*The last Will and Testament of Squire
Dun, late Executioner for the City of
London, who was buried on Saturday
Night last; With his several Le-
gacies bequeathed to his Friends upon
his Death-Bed.*



One of the most Important Mysteries in the World, is to dye Well. It is never done but once, and if one fail to perform it well, he is lost without recovery. It is the last lineament of the Table of our Life, the last blaze of the Torch Extinguished, the last Lustre of the setting Sun, the end of the Race, which gives a period to the Course, and the great Seal which signeth all our Actions. One may in Death correct all the defects of an ill Life, and all the virtues of a good are defaced, and polluted by an evil Death. The *Art* of dying well, being of so great Consequence, let it therefore teach every one to prize it, For all Affairs of the World, and in one great Affair of the other Life, which is that of the Judgement God will give upon our Soul, at its passage out of the Body. A heart which hath no apprehension thereof, unlesse it hath some extraordinary Revelation of its Glory, is faithlesse

or stupid to extremity. The simple Ideas of this Day, make the most confident to quake: not so much as Pictures, but have given matter of fear; and if some sparks of knowledge touching that, which passeth at the Tribunal of God, come unto us, it ever produceth good effects in Souls, which had some disposition to Piety. To illustrate this more amply, that remarkable passage of *Caropates*, is worthy of Remark; who relateth, That whilest *Theodora* possessed the Empire of *Constantinople* with her Son, who was yet in minority, one named *Methodius*, an excellent painter, an *Italian* by Nation, and Religious by profession, went to the Court of the *Eulgarian* King, named *Bogoris*, where he was entertain'd with much favour. This Prince was yet a pagan, and though Tryal had been made to convert him to Faith, it succeeded not, because his mind employed on pleasures and worldly Affairs, gave very little access to Reason; He was excessively pleased with hunting, and as some delight in pictures, to behold what they love, so he appointed *Methodius* to paint an excellent piece of hunting in a pallace, which he newly had built, and not to forget to pencil forth some hideous Monsters, and frightful Shapes. The painter seeing he had a fair occasion to take his opportunity, for the Conversion of this Infidel; instead of painting an hunting-piece for him, made an exquisite Table of the day of Judgement; Thereupon, one part was to be seen Heaven in Mourning; on the other, the Earth on fire, the Sea in Blood, the Throne of God hanging in the Clouds, environed with infinite store of Legions
of

of Angels, with countless numbers of men raised again, fearfully expecting the decree of their happiness, or latest misery. Below, were the Devils, in divers shapes of hideous Monsters, all ready to execute strange punishments, upon souls abandoned to their Fury. The Abyſſe of Hell was open, and threw forth many Flames, with Vapours, able to cover Heaven, and infect the Earth; This Draught being in hand, the painter still held the King in expectation, saying, he wrought an excellent picture for him, and which perhaps might be the last Master-piece of his Hand. In the end, the day assigned being come, he drew aside the Curtain, and shewed his Work. Is this it said the King, standing some while pensive, not being able to wonder enough at the sight: Then turning towards *Methodius*, What is this? said he: The Religious man took occasion thereupon to tell him of the Judgements of God, of punishments and rewards in the other Life, wherewith he was so moved; that in a short time he yielded himself to God, by a happy Conversion.

In like manner, did this poor Mortal, (the Subject of this Discourse) who being afflicted with sickness, began to contemplate with himself of his former course of Life, and was very penitent, during the time of his Sicknesse. And finding his body daily to wax weaker, on Thursday last, to prevent all further strife between his Children and Relations, he caused a Will to be made, which followeth in these Words.

In the Name of God, Amen; The 10th day of this Instant September, in the Year of our Lord
God,

God, 1663. and in the 15th Year of the Reign of our Sovereign Lord King *Charles*; I *Edward Dnn*, Citizen and Comb-maker of *London*, although sick in Body, yet of good, perfect, and sound memory (thanks be to God) do make this my Last Will and Testament, in Manner and Form following; That is to say, First, I Bequeath my Soul and Spirit into the hands of Almighty God my Heavenly Father, by whom of his meare and onely Grace, I trust to be Saved and Received into *Eternal Rest*, through the death and passion of my blessed Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, in whose pretious blood, I set the whole and onely hope of my Salvation; my wretched body, in hope of a joyfull Resurrection, I Commit to the Earth to be buried, with such Charges, and in such place, as my Dear Wife shall think good. And touching the distribution of my mortal Goods, I dispose of the same as Followeth.

First, I give and bequeath to my Dear Wife, my Bed, Furniture of the Chamber, and all other necessary things thereunto appertaining in the Kitchen.

Also, I give and bequeath unto my Son *Thomas*, my wearing Apparel; that is to say, my gray Cloak and Suit, and my Worsted Stockings.

Also, I give and bequeath unto my Son *Richard*, my Belt, Hanger, and Demy-Caster.

Also, I give and bequeath unto my Man *John Robert*, my Cutting Knife, and Quartering Irons.

Also, I give and bequeath unto my Daughter *Katherine*, one Brass-pot, one pair of Sheets, two Joynt Stools, and one Chair, together with my half-shirt.

In

(22)
In Witnesse whereof, I the said *Edward Dun*, have
Subscribed this my last Will and Testament,
with my own hand, and thereunto put my Seal.

Thus having made his last VVill and Testa-
ment, on Fryday last he departed this Life; And
on Saturday night last, he was buried in the New
Church-Yard, belonging to St. *Giles's Cripple gate*,
he lay seven dayes upon his Death-bed after his
Eye Strings were broke, and afterwards departed
this Life to the great wonder of his Neighbours.

An Elegy upon *Edward Dun* Esquire, the Cities
Common Hang-man

Come *New-Gate Muse* and let's agree
To *Amipothize* an Elegie;
And let each drop that dares to run
From barren eyes fill twice three *Tun*,
That so we may soon drown our Fears,
And deluge Grief in her own Tears:
Let's think but how he did the Feat,
And then conclude the losse is Great:
But Oh! it adds unto our dread,
He di'd untimely in his Bed,
The Valiant *Souldier's* loath to Yield
To Death, except it be in Field;
And who is he that would not dye
According to his quality?
It was (oh Death!) an unjust thing,
Thou should'st deny him his own swing;
Sure, sure, thou hadst some great designe,
Or else thou'adst took him *Under-line*;
How can our griefs be unreveal'd,
When so much virtue di'd conceal'd?
Who does not hear how every Stone
In *New-Gate* Cries, O *Hone*, O *Hone*;
Whilst all the *Prisoners* sadly run.

And

And cry, *The Devil Rides on Dun?*

Nay more, each tender-hearted *Lady*,
 Belonging to that *Mansion-House*,

Did strive in *Sable Robes* to crawl,

Like *Mourner* to his *Furnal*.

The noble *Hump* its grief doch shew,

And scorch'd with sorrow cannot grow;

The *Ax*, the *Block*, the *Knife*, in brief,

Each *Tool* is rusty now with *Grief*.

One thing I had almost forgot,

Tyburn with grief is grown a *Sage*,

And that which breeds her greatest *Harm*,

Is that he dy'd not in her *Arms*:

He's gone, *Sherries*, that often stood

More then *knuckle-deep* in *Blood*.

Oh with what a dextrous *Art*

He would pull out a *Traitor's* heart!

Never did *Musick* please him well,

Except it were *St. Pulchers-Bell*.

I was his *Altar*, and his *Spill*

To whom he often paid his *Kisses*.

The *Altars* of the *Heathen Gods*

Were not so good as mine by *Jods*.

Because their *Priests* were not so wise

To offer *Men* for *Sacrifice*.

But my brave *Priest* did plenty bring

Of such as murder'd their own *King*.

He'd offer them at my *High Altar*,

And thought no *Incense* like the *Holier*.

But he is now quite void of breath

And had no *Incense* at his *Death*.

His *Epitaph* is this:

Under this *Flaccid* dathly

The *Miracle* of *Crucifix*;

He tell thee now, I have beguine

Then know, *Kind Reader*, all *the* *Dun*.

